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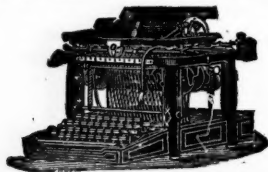
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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND and his popular wife have been taking a trip to Florida which exactly coincided with the meeting of the Democratic National Committee at Washington. The party organs suggest that this indicates his sensitive anxiety not to influence its decision as to the time and place where the National Convention is to meet. More probably it indicated the President's desire not to encounter the office-seekers who have seats in the Committee, or who hang around its meetings. Certainly Mr. W. L. Scott did not show any excessive sensitiveness in the way in which he urged the wishes of the Administration upon the members of the Committee. Nothing but his strenuous exertions through a sleepless night enabled him to secure an earlier meeting than July 3d, and another city than San Francisco or Chicago. As it was, the vote did not indicate that Mr. Cleveland is quite so sure of a renomination as has been alleged. With the two-thirds rule in force, and the States interested in wool or iron-ore or the fisheries arrayed against him, as they now are likely to be, the chances are that the Democracy may be driven to seek some more available candidate.

One element of strength he still retains. The Free Trade wing of the Mugwump faction clings to him "through good and evil reproach." The *New York Times*, and *Evening Post*, and *Harper's Weekly* are his staunchest friends. They admit that he has disappointed their hopes as a reformer, and proved in that respect "no better than his party." But his solid devotion to Free Trade makes up for all lesser sins, and even with Mr. Blaine out of the way, they are for Mr. Cleveland "against the field." So General Bragg may get back from Mexico in time to remind the Convention of "the friends he has made."

THE Democratic Convention will meet at St. Louis, June 5th. This date is a very great innovation upon tradition. Since 1860 the Democrats always have met in national convention after the Republicans had placed their ticket in the field. It certainly is no loss to the Republicans that the opposite course has been taken this year. And it indicates a purpose on the part of the opposition to Mr. Cleveland to have his renomination discussed on its own merits, and not with reference to his strength when opposed to some particular Republican candidate.

As for the locality, that matters but little, so long as New York was not chosen. In that city Tammany Hall would have done its utmost to prevent the President's renomination, and probably with success. It is better for him that St. Louis is too far away to take the whole Tammany muster to serve as a lobby. But there will be, as the English say, "quite a few" of them there.

THREE months from the time when Mr. Cleveland proclaimed to the country that it was on the brink of ruin by reason of the accumulating Surplus, his followers have brought forth their bill to reduce revenue, and on Thursday the measure was presented to the House. Its main features may be hastily mentioned. It does not deal with the internal revenue, at all: the Virginia and North Carolina Democrats who want the tax removed from tobacco, are not gratified,—though probably some private assurances have been given them that if they help pass this bill something will be done for them, later, on tobacco. It does defer, however, to the Virginia (with other States) protest against the adding of coal and iron-ore to the free list. Both these are left unchanged. A long list of articles are made free, including wool, lumber, salt, tin-plates, flax, hemp, and many chemicals. In addition, the duty on many manufactures, including pig iron, steel rails, clothing, china and earthenware, and glassware, is reduced.

The bill will no doubt fail. The Republicans are united against it, and Mr. Randall will present a substitute.

As the Free Trade measure was not brought forth by Mr. Mills, Mr. Long, on behalf of the Home Market Club of Massachusetts, presents a Protectionist measure for the reduction of the revenue to the current need of the government. It rearranges the duties on sugar to put a stop to frauds, and it reduces the duties by one-half. At the same time it offers a bounty of one dollar for each ton of beets or cane raised and manufactured into sugar in the United States, and the same on every hundred pounds of maple sugar or molasses. But it says nothing, we believe, of sugar from the sorghum or from maize. It reduces the tax on home-grown tobacco one-half, and abolishes that on alcohol used in the arts. It also abolishes fees on shipping, and requires the government to pay the whole of the rebate granted in the case of certain exports. The bill is a good one,—if the reduction rather than the distribution of the Surplus is accepted as our national policy,—and it illustrates perfectly how the desire to serve the Free Trade cause swallows up all financial common-sense in the minds of Mr. Mills and his coterie that such a measure is not accepted, at once, as the basis of a prompt adjustment.

THE Senate has passed the bill to incorporate the Nicaragua Canal Company, with sundry amendments designed to keep the canal under American control to the exclusion of Europeans. This is by all odds the most feasible proposal for establishing ship transit across Central America. The Panama Canal is ascertained to be a failure. The Tehuantepec Ship-Railway is an experiment of a very doubtful character, to say the least. The Nicaragua route, while it labors under the disadvantage of being a longer and more tortuous water route than M. de Lesseps would have given us if he could have pierced the Isthmus, is evidently the most likely enterprise of the three.

Mr. Vest was anxious to have the bill amended so as to compel the Company to buy its spades, shovels, and pick-axes of American producers,—a fling at the requirement that the electric railroad in Washington should use only American rails. The answer was not far to seek. In making an article of the low grade of steel rails, the cheaper labor of foreign countries makes competition possible. But in the matter of tools and axes, American skill has distanced English competition, as is shown by the demand for these in Australia and other British colonies. The Nicaragua Canal Company will require no compulsion to buy their tools of American makers.

THE Senate renews its attempt to secure a decent provision for the soldiers of the war who have become helpless or dependent, even though this cannot be traced to wounds, injuries, or exposures in active service. It will be remembered how the President treated a similar bill of last session, laying hold of the faults introduced into it by the House Committee after it had passed the Senate. This year the Senate probably will be more watchful to prevent such a distortion of its own measure, and the bill as drafted has a careful regard to any points in Mr. Cleveland's veto which seem to be well taken. But no bill could be drawn which would not be open to a veto on the grounds he then laid down, and it is only the duty of the Senate to put him in the House on the record as refusing to accept an otherwise unobjectionable measure for the relief of the thousands of veterans now in the poor-houses.

It is understood that the Committee on Pensions in the House will do its best to spare Mr. Cleveland the necessity of either eating his own words or of exhibiting in unmistakable shape his indifference to the claims of our dependent veterans. But this only will shift the blame from the President to the House.

THE Democrats of the House seem to have discovered that Dakota cannot be kept out of the Union much longer, so the Committee on Territories have reported a bill to admit it, and along with it Montana, Washington and New Mexico. None of these three territories has made any application for admission. None of them has anything like the population that Dakota has. It is much above the population heretofore required before the admission of a new State; they are all below it. But it is hoped that Washington will prove Democratic, and nearly certain that New Mexico will do so. The Senate will consult its own dignity and that of the Union, if it strike out these three names, and send the bill back with that of Dakota alone. Certainly these others have neither the numbers nor the established character of population which would entitle them to equal power with New York and Pennsylvania in the national Senate. Especially New Mexico, with its motley population of Mexicans, half-breeds, and Americans, can afford to wait.

MR. BLAINE has added so much emphasis to his letter of withdrawal, by a newspaper interview, at Florence, the report of which appeared in the *New York World* of the 26th ultimo, that it is scarcely presumable any one will now protract the effort to nurse his candidacy. The interview gives many of his expressions to the general effect that his letter was absolutely sincere and conclusive, being in fact "not a hap-hazard off-hand affair, but the result of much deliberation and careful thought." The correspondent says: "I asked Mr. Blaine the direct question as to whether he would, under any circumstances, permit his name to be used again as a candidate." To which "he replied in the most emphatic negative."

All of which,—with the further details of the interview,—bears out what has already been said in these columns on the subject: that the letter bore on its face the evidence of good faith and must be so accepted; and that to impute to Mr. Blaine the reservation of a desire still to become the Republican candidate was an insult to him that should be left to his enemies. We are glad, however, that the confirmation has been published: it still further settles the conditions under which the Republican party faces the campaign of the present year, and eliminates the material for mischief available to those who still wished to "read between the lines," or to bring about a prolonged and confused canvass for the nomination, out of which "in despair," the convention would "nominate Mr. Blaine by acclamation."

Two curious facts are referred to in the following paragraph in the *Chicago Journal*:

"What has Judge Gresham done? The *Chicago Tribune* pretends to be for him. It will kill him. It ought to return to Mr. Blaine. It cannot hurt him. He has put himself beyond its reach."

The curious facts are (1) that the *Chicago Tribune* was a most intense and extreme supporter of Mr. Blaine, at the same time that it was an intense and extreme advocate of Free Trade, ridiculing and condemning the very views which Mr. Blaine expressed in his Paris criticism on the President's message, and extolling the message itself to the skies; and (2) that the same *Tribune*, continuing its Free Trade extremism, laboring to sow dissension in the Republican party in the West on the Tariff issue, has now taken up Judge Gresham and is urging him with all its ability. As the *Journal* remarks, its support, while it continues in its policy of treachery to American interests, ought to be injurious if not fatal, to any one whom it significantly advocates, and as it was a singular thing that the support of Mr. Blaine at Chicago was left in its charge, so it is equally strange that the "boom" for Judge Gresham should be committed to it. From New York it is announced that great numbers of copies of the *Tribune* containing a laudatory biography of the Judge have been scattered through that city. It had not been charged since his service in Mr. Arthur's Cabinet that he was unsound on Protection, but if he be sound, why this zeal for him of the Free Trade organ?

THE Inter-State Commerce Commission has done several excellent things during its term of office, but none more gratifying than its decision in the suit brought by Mr. George Rice, of Marietta, against a Western railroad. Mr. Rice, it will be remembered, is one of the few oil-refiners whom the Standard Oil Company could neither swallow up nor drive out of the business. The means especially used to crush him were unfair rates for freight exacted by the railroads at the dictation of the Standard. It was supposed that an excuse for such rates had been found in the difference of the manner of forwarding. The Company used tanks; Mr. Rice had to employ barrels. So a higher rate was charged to all those stations, including Marietta, at which there were no facilities for the use of tanks.

Mr. Rice had a long array of lawyers against him when the case came before the Commission. He was not able to employ half the bar, but he and his daughter supplemented the efforts of their counsel to put the case in the best shape before the tribunal, to extort from unwilling witnesses the confession of the ingenious devices for his ruin. And now the Commission overrule all the pleas of the defense. Mr. Rice is to have the same terms as the great monopoly has received. The charges are to be based upon weight, without reference to the nature of the receptacle. Grit and honest dealing have the best of it.

There is reason to hope that the effects of the victory Mr. Rice has won will be far-reaching, and that the era of open competition in oil will return. It is quite true, as the champions of the Company have urged, that the consumer as such has not suffered by its monopoly. Oil has been reasonably cheap and of better quality than before its reign began. But these advantages we have had and held at its pleasure, with no certainty that an era of dearth and badness might not supervene. And besides the injury done to the other producers, it is notoriously true that the ill-gotten wealth and power of the corporation have been used as corrupting influences in politics, especially in Ohio. To this there must be an end.

THE investigation into the character and working of "Trusts" by the Committee of the New York Senate proceeds with more vigor than the friends of associated capital like. The associations to control the production and price of cotton-seed oil, coal oil, envelopes, and several other commodities have been brought to the light of day. In most cases, the representatives of these associations are frank to a degree which seems to indicate a confidence that the law cannot reach them. They are possessed with that confidence in the unlimited rights of property, which has grown up under the economic teaching that "Every man must be let do what he will with his own." But they forget that this maxim applies only to a limited extent to the doings of chartered corporations. A corporation is the creation of the law, and the law assumes a corresponding degree of authority over corporate action. Especially the maxim of the common law, that the activity of a corporation must be bounded by the four corners of its charter, is capable of applications which the members of these trusts will not relish. The courts of Ohio, New York, and Louisiana already have gone so far as to declare associations to prevent competition are null and void, as the ends they seek are illegal and in conflict with public policy. The associations, therefore, have nothing to bind them together but the bond of self-interest, as the law will not hold any partner to such an agreement bound by it. The next step probably will be to enact penalties for the punishment of such illegality, and toward this the law under which this New York Committee was appointed already looks.

The Free Trade papers continue to insist that a remedy for this can be found in abolishing the Tariff. The *Times* of New York is sufficiently *mal a propos* to remind its readers in this connection of the wood-screw trust, which Mr. Chamberlain denounced in an election speech of more than a year ago. That case of itself suffices to show that Free Trade is no cure for the evil. Trusts may be organized to control production and price on both

sides of the Atlantic, as was done in that instance. And a very oppressive trust of recent origin was organized in France to control the copper production of both Europe and America, and to force up the price of that metal. It has been entirely successful, having bought up among others the famous Calumet and Hecla mine, which is owned mainly by Boston parties, who politically are of the Free Trade and Mugwump persuasion.

Several of the Free Trade newspapers have specified steel as among the articles whose producers are united in a trust. We hope the New York Committee will call upon the representatives of the steel industry for a statement of the facts. It is of great importance to have them known, although that will not entirely stop the repetition of such statements. "A lie goes nine leagues," the Chinese say, "while the truth is putting on its boots."

IN New Jersey the Republicans of the Legislature have passed a law giving the people of every county their option between High License and No License. The charge for a license is much too low, much lower than in Pennsylvania, as it ranges from \$100 up to \$250, according to the nature of the community. It provides for the revocation of the license whenever the saloon-keeper is shown to have broken the law by selling at improper times or to improper persons or tolerating disorder in his place of business; and no person thus punished can be relicensed till after the lapse of a year. Whenever one-tenth of the legal voters of a county petition the circuit court for a vote on the question of refusing all licenses, the judge must order such a vote to be taken within thirty days. But a decision thus obtained against license does not interfere with the manufacture of intoxicants in that county. If Essex county votes against license, her brewers may continue to make beer for export from the county. If Atlantic votes the same way, her vine-growers may continue to make the sour poison they call wine.

Governor Green has vetoed the bill on grounds which appeal much less to public opinion than to the technical traditions of the legal profession. He insists that it is the duty of the legislature to make laws for the state and its counties, and not to call upon the people of a county to decide what laws shall be in force in it. He denies the right of the legislature to ask more for a license in cities than in rural districts. And he holds that the power conferred upon the judges to order an election is an encroachment upon the constitutional power of the executive. At this writing, the House has already passed the bill, over the veto.

THE Episcopal Church in South Carolina is distracted over the question of the rights of a black clergyman to sit in the Diocesan Convention. The few congregations of black Episcopalians which are found in the State never have been allowed the representation enjoyed by all the white congregations. Until the Civil War the same restriction was laid upon St. Thomas's Church in Philadelphia. But all clergymen whose names are found in the Clergy List submitted by the Bishop are entitled to seats. For several years a black presbyter did sit and vote in the (South Carolina) Convention without any objection being offered. But the proposal of the more zealous members of the Convention to carry on a vigorous home-missionary work among the freedmen seems to have alarmed the Bourbons. They feared lest its success might make colored presbyters numerous enough to outvote the white members, and to bring in lay delegates from the colored churches. So last year they made a point of objecting to the presence of a new colored presbyter who had come to the diocese, and withdrew from the Convention when it refused to sustain them. They still retain their organization and talk of carrying the matter to the next General Convention. But that has no power to override the State Convention, and if it had, it certainly would not exercise it. The North has an overwhelming preponderance in the clergy and the membership of the Episcopal Church, and certainly the majority would not vote to ostracise and insult a clergyman of the Church because of his color.

The spirit displayed by these secessionists is one which has

done a great deal of harm to the colored race. It has kept them out of that close association with white men in church matters, which would have been of the greatest benefit to them. The Episcopal Church and the Southern Presbyterian Church ought to have had a colored membership in the South nearly as great as their white membership. The position of the white members of these churches as masters and owners of black men would have secured that, if they had wished it. Instead of that they each have but a handful, and their former dependants are found in isolated, ignorant, and often fanatical congregations, which have no ecclesiastical relations with white people. And now the Southern Presbyterian Church declares it cannot unite with the Northern unless the latter will agree to give the cold shoulder to the 17,000 freedmen whom its home missionaries have gathered in the South since the war. Sad spectacle!

THE suit of Prof. Egbert Smyth, to have the verdict of the Visitors of Andover Seminary declared invalid, has come up in the Massachusetts Supreme Court, and thus far Prof. Smyth has had the best of it. He has obtained leave to correct the record by contradicting the statement made in the verdict that he acknowledged the identity of his teaching as a professor with the contents of the book called "Progressive Orthodoxy." This looks badly for the Visitors, as it at once opens their verdict to attack as based upon assumptions of fact which were not warranted by the evidence before them.

It is notable that Andover Seminary has by no means held its own in comparison with the other theological seminaries which are controlled by Congregationalists. Chicago has far more students, and several other seminaries outrank Andover in this respect. The truth is, that every young man who goes to Andover knows that there will be a necessity for his running the gauntlet whenever he appears before a council for license or ordination. He will have a much easier time if his certificates of study date from Bangor, Chicago, or even Yale, while his examiners will be just a little afraid of him if the letters are from Hartford. So the evidence of an aggressive policy on the part of the enemies of the New Orthodoxy drives the less bold spirits away from Andover; while those who go thither probably will make up in quality for the comparative smallness of their number.

IN all, about 3,400 applications for license will come before the Court of Quarter Sessions at its special session beginning March 5th. As there are about 7,000 places in which liquor is sold in Philadelphia, this shows that even if every application were granted, the number of saloons would be reduced by more than a half. But there is evidence that a good proportion of these 3,400 will be curtailed. Some of them, indeed, may be said to have been disposed of before the Court meets. An examination of the list of signers of the applications has shown that in these cases the requirements of the law have not been complied with, so that the judges have no option but to refuse. Nor are these the only cases to which opposition will be offered. Wherever the past conduct of the saloon-keeper has warranted a remonstrance, his neighbors have united in protesting against the issue of a license. The Law and Order Society has taken up cases of this kind, and it will be represented by counsel in the court throughout the whole time that this business will occupy. The contests will be so many that it seems unlikely that the four judges will get through the work before the beginning of June.

Many of our Prohibitionists are showing their reasonableness by uniting with the friends of Temperance generally in getting all the prohibition they can out of the new and strict law.

THE sentence of nine months' imprisonment for selling cakes colored with chrome yellow, which has fallen upon some bakers in the north-eastern part of our city, is both just and useful. We are constantly putting our lives into the hands of bakers, confectioners, grocers, restaurant-keepers, and other purveyors to the

needs of the human stomach. Their trades exist only because the confidence we feel in their carefulness is justified in nearly every case. Where such a trust has been abused, the offense is not less than when a trusted clerk makes away with the money of his employers. And the punishment should be sharp in proportion to the gravity of the offense.

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Which, of course, is exactly true. New York is peculiarly a State of factional divisions,—in the Democratic party as well as in the party opposed to it. The history of politics there, since the days of Hamilton and Burr, has been a continual chronicle of struggles between persons and factions. No other important State has ever been half so bad. And when, as in the last decade, the national control is balanced across the vote of the State, the mischief becomes not merely one of locality, but of the whole country.

It is, therefore, a simple question, as to New York, whether there is enough good sense and good temper there to recognize now the need of laying aside factional quarrels. The attitude of the friends of Mr. Arthur, cited by Mr. Halstead, is encouraging evidence in the affirmative. So too, Mr. Conkling, in a recent letter to a club in Pittsburg, has shown a temperate spirit, and signified a zealous desire for Republican success. These are indications that the Republicans of the State recognize the gravity of the situation, and mean to sink small differences in great endeavors. They do not lack the good sense to see that success in their State is only possible by the most cordial and hearty unanimity, nor do they, we trust, so far lack good temper as to fail in establishing such a unanimous purpose. Who ever may now be the choice of the Convention, we do not believe that any clique or faction in the politics of New York will be arrayed against him secretly or openly. Whether it be Mr. Sherman or another, there must be a recognition of the fact that it is men's work and not child's play to accomplish success, and that if there is to be "no end of warfare about small matters," we may as well yield the country at once to the Gormans, Dickinsons, Scotts, and their class of statesmen. It would be idle to undertake a great campaign against so active and strong an opponent as the Democratic party, with our own organization disturbed by petty quarrels at the key-point of the contest.

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The heartiness and approximate unanimity of the organs of public opinion and of all well-informed people in this country, in rejecting the Treaty, is a matter of congratulation. It is an agreement which transcends party lines and sectional lines. It reminds one of the outburst of feeling over the proposed return of the Confederate flags, last summer. There is the same anxiety of the thoroughly partisan organs, especially of the Mugwump persuasion, to say something good of it; the same outspoken condemnation from prominent Democrats and Democratic papers, who will not allow partisanship to blind them to higher considerations. These are matters about which Republicans and Democrats have a common stock of convictions apart from and prior to all partisan differences. There are questions in whose presence they can sink their party feelings, in view of danger to larger interests than those of party. The day of Sumter taught the country that, but it is well to have the experience repeated on a still wider field, and without any Southward limitation.

Of all the condemnations of the Treaty, none carries more weight than that of Mr. W. H. Trescott, of Washington. Mr. Trescott is a good type of what our diplomatic officials ought to be. He has a rare familiarity with international law, and with the traditions of American diplomacy. He has been employed for more than one piece of nice diplomatic negotiation under previous administrations. And he is a man of sound and sober judgment, who is extremely unlikely to let the passions of the hour run away with him. He condemns the Treaty on the ground (1) that our ships of whatever class have the right to enter any British port, to buy and sell freely, to land and trans-ship cargoes and to do whatever any other vessels may do, subject only to such general regulations and charges as are imposed upon all such vessels by the port and customs laws of Canada; and (2) that the distinction Canada tries to make between our fishing vessels and our merchant vessels, is entirely untenable. That is to say, the modification of the Colonial policy of Great Britain by the Convention of 1830 applies just as much to our fishing vessels as to vessels of any other class. Canada has no right to deny its benefits to our fishing vessels, and then expect us to concede them to her merchant vessels in our ports. And besides this, the Treaty of Washington reaffirms a most important part of the Convention of 1830, in a clause not affected by the termination of the Fisheries arrangement of that Treaty. It was provided that the vessels of both countries,—with no exception of fishing vessels,—should have the right to land goods in the ports of the other and to trans-ship them in bond. This right is exercised every winter by Canadians, who thus forward goods from Boston and New York, when the St. Lawrence is closed by ice. And yet the proffered Treaty accedes that our fishermen have no such rights in the ports of the Dominion.

There is but one remedy for these encroachments upon our

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This makes it the duty of every patriotic Democrat to work against Mr. Cleveland's renomination by the party, and equally against any attempt to nominate Mr. Bayard or any other member of the Cabinet who can be held responsible for this flagitious surrender of American interests. Their party has candidates who have sound American instincts. It can find such in its Cabinet itself. Mr. Whitney, whatever his blunders in the first years of his administration of the Navy, is a man who believes in his country, in its future on the seas, and—we venture to assert, in the absence of any expression of his views—in the rights of its fishermen. "Put none but Americans on guard," is a saying which has been much abused. But there is a broad and true meaning in it which is acceptable to all Americans, whether native born or naturalized.

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SINCE the early days when the hut and the tent were the best forms of dwellings known to humanity, the variations and improvements upon these primitive types have been manifold, and at the present time the tendency to vary is probably greater than at any previous period of the world's history. Yet the hut and the tent exist as of yore; not only are they the sole form of habitation known to certain races which are not the lowest of living men, but they form a part of the cycle of house-forms made use of by the most civilized races. The log-hut, similar in its construction to that which furnished the model from which the æsthetic Greeks evolved their temple-style, is still common in the well-forested portions of this new republic and holds its own in most new colonies founded by the Aryan races. Where wood is scarce the log-hut is replaced by that of mud, turf, stones, or branches filled in with clay. Such huts shelter the African—such huts shelter the poorer classes of the country population even in lands blessed with the highest culture, and such huts are often the first homes of even the cultured in a new land. As for the tent, it still remains the heritage of the Semite and the Mongolian nomads, and seems to have been the type out of which Asiatic architecture generally was evolved. Not more than one-half of the nations of the earth has anything worthy of the name of architecture, and even among architectural nations only a few of the rich have homes that make any pretense to architectural beauty, either externally or internally. Varied needs, varied materials, and varied powers of adaptation have brought about arrangements of the interior as multitudinous as the possible transpositions of the alphabet, yet probably there lies not in the whole world a family whose residence is exactly fitted to its requirements. Thus will it ever be so long as man is upon the up grade. If we look forward we can see plenty of room for improvement, but if we look backward we can perceive how much we have advanced.

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and the one-celled protozoan is coeval with the most highly-developed mammals. When advance ceases, or, in other words, when perfection, the highest state attainable, has been evolved, degeneration commences.

If we look back along the line of history—if we pass in review all the accounts that have come down to us, and examine and compare all the remains left to us of the habitations of civilized races, it will be evident that, spite of the persistence of the hut and the tent, there has been a grand, though not uninterrupted upward evolution. We have no remains of the dwellings of the people who lived and died during the long course of the two great early civilizations—those of the valley of the Nile and of the valleys of the twin-rivers of Western Asia. We have remnants of the palaces of the Pharaohs, few and insignificant though they seem among the gigantic temples and mighty tombs that surround them; and the lower floors of the palaces of the Assyrian kings have rewarded the search into the mounds of Konunjik and Khorsabad, but the only records we have of the life of the people of ancient Egypt and Assyria are those which are cut upon stone, or impressed upon clay tablets and papyri. In the Hellenic civilization the people came to the front, they were citizens proud of their city, they had their agora and their theatre as well as their temple, but their private houses seem to have been of the simplest kind.

Carthage, Rome's predecessor in power over the West, a city ruled by its merchant princes, must have had some grand residences, but they have vanished; and our knowledge of house-architecture really commences with Rome. The imperial city itself yields little information on the subject. Barbarian hordes visited it often, and its own later population, too barbarous to value the remains of the grander civilization, used ancient Rome as a quarry. From accounts still extant, we know that many-storied houses were built in Rome, but the best preserved dwellings belonging to the Roman civilization that have come down to our times are those of a pleasure resort, comparable to Bryn Mawr or Orange, N. J., rather than to our modern Philadelphia or New York. Even these would probably have disappeared had barbarous hands been able to reach them. Vesuvian ashes preserved them for a better fate. What we read and what is left combine to tell us that under the emperors Rome had reached a pitch of luxury that has never been surpassed, though the present age may equal it. The richest and most costly materials were thrown into the most attractive forms that could be devised by Greek genius spurred on by Roman wealth and love of magnificence. Mosaics adorned the floors, marbles and precious stones formed pillars and pavements, the walks glowed with rich colors among which floated sensuous figures, and every piece of furniture was a work of art. Yet even the poor among us would not have found comfort in a Roman house lacking in water-supply, gas, windows worthy of the name, water-closets, and all the thousand and one little appliances of a modern dwelling. The want of these was made up to the Roman by the number of his slaves, ready in all respects to do his bidding. Roman villas, as we know by numerous remains of their basements still extant in many parts of the once Roman world, were heated by means of a hypocaust or hot chamber below the ground floor; and we also know that in the use of the bath the Romans were ahead of any subsequent race. Their dwellings were, in fact, the perfection of their civilization, and a long decadence preceded the development of the house of modern times. Strictly speaking, the world has had but two cycles of culture since Egypt decayed and Nineveh fell—the first, commencing ten or more centuries before Christ, culminated aesthetically in the halcyon days of Greece, and mechanically under the earlier Roman emperors; received its death-blow from the barbarians, and died lingeringly during the centuries of darkness that followed the fall of Rome. The second rose from the tomb of the first, and has not yet reached mechanical and constructive perfection, though in these respects it far surpasses its predecessor.

Its æsthetic culmination was reached in the solemn cathedral, but as the zeal for temple-building declined the dwellings of the people, and the numberless structures and engineering works which conduce to the comfort of the people, rose into importance. Science has for awhile overshadowed art, and utility eclipsed beauty, because men have not yet thoroughly assimilated the countless inventions which have been crowded into the course of daily life. The greatest strides in mastery over nature have been made during this century, but it will be during the next that men will reap the fruit of that mastery, by so using it as to make life happier. Vast possibilities still lie open to our civilization, possibilities of application rather than of research, for though our wits have been sharpened, we are still more prone to observe and discover than to make full use of our observations and discoveries. The next century will probably see such improvements in the construction, plan, sanitation, decoration, lighting, heating, and furnishing of our homes; in the laying out, paving, lighting, and

cleansing of our cities, and in our facilities of intercommunication by travel and by signal, as will equal or surpass the dreams of the most sanguine and imaginative among us. It is permissible and not unprofitable to endeavor to read the tendencies of the age, and to point out the possible directions in which material civilization may advance, trusting that such pen-pictures—such attempted prophecies—may tend, by their influence upon the human mind, to work out their own fulfillment.

W. N. LOCKINGTON.

CONCERNING "COPY" FOR THE PRINTER.

A FRIEND of mine,—a man of peaceable and urbane spirit, mild and easy to be entreated,—fills the position whose duties have been so aptly described as "deciding what to leave out of the paper." That is to say, he is an editor. Not long ago I found him in a state of mind which may be inferred when I relate that he thrust at me a manuscript, saying emphatically "that there was no use mincing matters,—that people who made bad "copy" deserved nothing less than capital punishment. I looked at the paper he had given me, and found it simply a piece of ill-written, unarranged, half-legible writing, of the sort that is often supposed to indicate that the writer is a person of ability and reputation; and as I examined it, my friend's agitation gradually subsided, his philosophic habit of mind returned, and he delivered himself of a brief and forcible address which it is a great pity should not be written on the hearts and graven on the inward parts of all who ever write for the printer, instead of being wasted on an audience of one, already converted to sound principles. I resolved, however, to gather up the fragments, that *all* might not be lost; and though it is an old story, yet remembering what another friend of mine once said in a most excellent address at a school commencement, that "on such an occasion the desire to say something original must give place to the desire to say something good," I send it to "neighbor Buckingham" of THE AMERICAN, having no doubt that he has himself had trials enough to make him ready to "print my ditty."

"Consider," said my suffering friend, "how many different people are afflicted by the man who writes in a slovenly and careless way, so as not to make his meaning plain. First, there is the editor; then the compositor; then the proof-reader; and finally the general reader. All these must suffer,—some an actual loss of money,—merely because the writer neglects or refuses to write the matter as he wants it printed. He asks the editor to sacrifice his own work in order to do that which he should have done himself; he asks the compositor to set less matter, for which he is paid, so as to correct the 'copy,' for which he is not paid; he asks the proof-reader again to be offered up a sacrifice for him; and he asks the reader to understand what he himself did not make plain. Then, as if this were not enough, he has the effrontery, if his bad work is not made quite perfect, and his own errors not *all* corrected, to talk about the 'stupidity' and 'carelessness' of the compositor and proof-reader. Where does it come from, anyhow, the notion that in this one particular business the workman must do his own work and that of the designer too,—must not copy his pattern, but must work out what the pattern ought to be,—must follow, not his directions, but what ought to be his directions? No, no,—don't say a word," he declared, "milder measures are inadequate. Extermination is the only plan. The man who won't properly prepare his 'copy' must be born again."

Sure enough, where *does* the idea come from? There certainly is no other business, in which one-half the accuracy demanded in printing is required, in which the artisan is not regularly furnished with an *exact* model. The machinist, the builder, the druggist, the engineer, all are given the most precise and explicit directions, not only by which they *may* go, but by which they *must* go. Imagine a physician who should say to the druggist who had "followed his copy," and made a fatal mistake: "Why, of course, I expected you to correct any errors there might be in it. It is your business to put the prescription in good shape, you know." What should we think of an inventor who should say to the workman who was to construct his machine: "Now you must have everything exactly right, for this must work to the thousandth of an inch. Here's a draft I've scratched off. Of course I haven't got the lines straight, and haven't put in every little rod, and pin, and crank; and some of the things I have put in look a great deal more like something else; but you'll know where everything ought to go, and fix it up." Should we not think such a man a fool? Yet this is, without exaggeration, just what is daily said to the printer, and on just such grounds as these he is roundly denounced for carelessness and stupidity,—the carelessness and stupidity, in fact, of his critic.

If any one asks, How shall I manage so that the printer will not make a lot of foolish errors in my article? the reasonable and manifest reply is, Write it *precisely* as you want it printed. Don't

put in a random series of dashes for punctuation, unless dashes are what you desire the printed article to be ornamented with. If you wish it printed properly in paragraphs, write it properly in paragraphs. If it is to be arranged line for line, or in columns, or in tabular form, write it so. If certain words are to be capitalized, put capitals, and unmistakable capitals, to them, every time you write those words. Leave to the printer no discretion, no option, no doubt as to your intention. You are entitled to make one complaint of the printer, and only one. You may not properly say: "He spelled the words wrong; he did not punctuate; he did not put capitals where they belonged." You can reasonably and justly say in criticism only this: "He did not print my matter as I had plainly written it."

To many who write, doubtless this will be a hard saying; and there are some whose just and original thought, and piquant expression, have raised them above the need of attention to the mechanical proprieties of writing, so far as editorial acceptance of what they write is concerned,—though one cannot but wonder that such writers should so strongly desire to have what they write properly printed, and yet be unwilling to take the only means to attain that end, for it can be attained in no other way; the individual peculiarities of punctuation, of paragraphing, of capitalizing, are no less potent factors of that indefinable personal flavor which we call style, than the words themselves,—as witness Carlyle's writing, for instance. This work can be done by no other person. Even if the matter be copied and re-arranged, and "fixed up" for the printer by a perfectly competent hand, the original flavor inevitably becomes, in the process, in some degree diluted, and mixed with that of another mind; and one would suppose that the most careless author would be sensitive to such a change.

To writers of less assured position, the matter of making clear, well-arranged, well punctuated "copy" is a very practical consideration indeed. An editor may be willing to puzzle and stumble through a written article which he is sure he will find to be good; but to thus bother over a dozen manuscripts, of whose quality he has no notion, is too much for human nature. They may be of high excellence; but they are pretty sure to be found "unavailable," for this one most cogent reason.

To those who cannot or will not study the niceties of punctuation, it may yet be worth while to say that there are three rules, which comprise the "weightier matters of the law," and which, if invariably observed, will do wonders for "copy" that otherwise would be intolerably bad. Surely it cannot be a very great task to keep in mind these three simple things:

1. Make sentences. Put an unmistakable period at the end of each; leave a wide space (as in print); and begin the next sentence with an unmistakable capital.
2. Make paragraphs; do not make them long; and begin the first line of each far in from the margin.
3. Write proper names and unusual and technical words very plainly.

Even with many shortcomings, if only these three rules be carefully attended to, "thou shalt be (comparatively) upright, and thou shalt be innocent from the great transgressions."

H. F.

WEEKLY NOTES.

THE European papers have contained the news of the death, on February 10th, of Heinrich Lebrecht Fleischer, Professor of Oriental languages at the University of Leipzig. Prof. Fleischer was born in 1801, studied theology at Leipzig, and after graduating went to Paris as a private tutor, where an acquaintance with Silvestre de Sacy determined his future career. He commenced studying the Arabic manuscripts in the Bibliotheque Nationale, and in 1828 went to Dresden to catalogue the Royal Library. He published his first work in 1831, Abulfeda's "Historia Moslemica," and was rewarded by a professorship at the University of Leipzig, in 1836. Prof. Fleischer continued in active service at the University for fifty years, until the celebration of his jubilee two years ago. He celebrated the jubilee of his Doctorate in 1874. Prof. Fleischer was easily the most distinguished Arabist of Europe—one might even say the most distinguished Semitic scholar,—and it was principally owing to him that Leipzig became a centre of Semitic learning. His published works form a library by themselves.

* * *

WHEN the Charity Organization Society was set on foot in Philadelphia, the New York newspapers generally, and especially the *Tribune*, hardly could find words enough to abuse its methods, and to ridicule its outlay of money on other objects than the relief of the poor. The establishment of a similar society in New York, fortunately came after this line of abuse had been exhausted, and

the *Tribune* has had the grace to treat it with respect, which at times has risen to approval. But the *Graphic* recently published a cartoon on the subject, with a comment which virtually was an attack upon the officers of the society for not diverting trust funds from the object for which they were given, and upon the donors for selecting the objects to which they chose to give. On the surface, charity to the poor seems very simple. It is giving bread to the hungry, clothing to the naked, medicine to the sick, and shelter to the homeless. To those who never get any farther in the knowledge of social needs, a Charity Organization Society is needless, or even offensive. But those who have worked the hardest among the actual poor have been driven to the discovery that this is only the alphabet of the subject, and that even this, if not done in a wise and careful way, may be an injury to the higher nature of the recipient, while apparently well serving the lower. They also learn that the existence of funds to render such relief fosters the growth of a class who make their living off relief agencies, and who should be stopped for their own sake, as well as for the sake of the poor and of the charitable. And they even find that there is a class of bogus charities, whose officers and agents make a handsome living out of their collections for beneficiaries who do not exist.

* * *

To deal with these three phases of our complex social life is the work which charity organization societies undertake. They labor to secure the right direction of what is given to the poor, to give with it the personal and moral stimulus which will help the poor man to make himself independent of relief, to keep him from sinking into a pauper or an impostor, and to drive impostors, whether simply individuals or the representatives of bogus societies, to get their bread in some honest way. Charitable people give to the support of such societies, because they know that the money they cost in the work of investigation and interchange of information, even when they do not attempt direct relief of the poor, is well spent. In our cities the ward branches do relieve the poor of the ward after investigation. But even if they did not, the Society would be indispensable.

THE CALL OF THE CUCKOO.

Ballade.

OLD! I am old! O the spring-time is new;
Pleasant the pastures, my passions are gray;
Herbage of Spring hath a hinting of rue,
Weary and wintry to sixty is May;
Woodland we tread not till warm is the air,
Streamlets we stride not but circle with care;
Wheels of youth's whirl are the wheels of a dray.
Cuckoo is calling, O call up the boy—
Cuckoo is calling, call mellow and gay—
Cuckoo's heart-note is my herald of joy.

Vivid once more in a vision I view
Self and strong comrades possessors of day;
Clinking the pebbles, and climbing the yew,
Seisened of sunbeams, right heir to each ray;
Seeking like hounds for the hill fox's lair,
Cheating the pheasant, and chasing the hare,
Leaping and plunging in laughter and play—
Homer am I and he Hector of Troy—
Naked we wade in the waves of the bay;
Cuckoo's heart-note is my herald of joy.

Magic its call when to manhood I grew,
Seeing, with love-sharpened eyes, in each spray,
Polish and painting, and passionate hue,
Meads where contentment and Psyche might stray.
Timid, I tangle my hand in love's hair,
Ever my gaze on her eyes which ensnare;
Kissing, I know her mute coyness means "yea,"
Kissing, I know not that kisses could cloy—
"Sweetheart," I'm sighing, here let us delay;—
Cuckoo's heart-note is my herald of joy.

Envoi.

Monarch! fond time for a blessing I pray,
Blisses of beauty which never decay,
Death be my portion ere custom destroy
Shapes of soft motion; O memory stay!
Cuckoo's heart-note is my herald of joy.

H. H. H.

REVIEWS.

THE STORY OF IRELAND. ("The Story of the Nations" Series.)

By the Hon. Emily Lawless. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

WE welcome this book, though it is hard to give it praise. It appears to be written without desire to suppress the truth about such periods of Irish history as 1641, and the years before 1798; but there is little suggestive in the manner of telling this story, there is no insight into what is meant by a nation. As a bare record of facts it will be useful; and though its accuracy may be in places called in question, we recommend it to our readers who look for the first time for information about the past of Ireland, and who are capable of digesting what is given here in crude form. They will not be disposed to follow the authoress in her few attempts to draw conclusions from what appears to her to be only a history "dogged by notorious ill-luck." Is it not indeed a despairing and futile thing to read any history of men as a battle of "the kites and crows?" For instance, when reflecting on the suppression of the Desmond rebellion (p. 181): "Our pity for the victims' doom, and our indignation for the cold-blooded cruelty with which that doom was carried out, is mingled with a reluctant realization of the fact that the state of things which preceded it was practically impossible." Are these the mature reflections of one who has not failed to tell that by the statute of Kilkenny marriage between the English and Irish is declared to be high treason, speaking the language of the county is penal, and the killing of an Irishman is not to be reckoned as a crime? If Carlyle has been the master of such reflections, would not a more hearing ear listen to him rather when he says that no men will ever live thus in antagonism, without great and terrible cause? The "practically impossible" state was not produced in Ireland because all races who land on Irish soil become intractable, but because the national tendencies of men towards even rude social virtues and towards union in one country were checked. "In all this it is manifest," says Sir John Davis, attorney-general under James I., "that such as had the government of Ireland did, indeed, intend to make a perpetual enmity between the English and the Irish." And the despair of another ruler is: "The English and Irish begin to lay aside their quarrel." The history of one country's inhabitants is but the history of some of our fellow-men—the same humanity touches us, we welcome with our instinctive sympathy the same beneficent qualities striving for mastery, we acknowledge that communities of men show "a marked hatred of vice, and love of virtue." And on the matter in hand, it is more profitable to reflect in the following way, as the English historian, Mr. Freeman, has suggested: Would there not have been a parallel between England and the actual Ireland, had the Plantagenet princes held great and increasingly powerful dominions in France; would not the Normans and other foreigners in England, aided by laws passed against the natives—against their national spirit, against their customs, against the growing sympathy between them and their conquerors—would not these have been forced to remain foreign, would not in them too the milk of human kindness have been dried up, and they too have shown many more tyrants, false, by carelessness toward their brethren and by cruelty, to the best instincts of men?

There is no food in this book for one who values that nobler nationalism by which a wise internationalism is indeed reached. And yet, is not the instinct for national union strikingly strong in Ireland; from Edward III.'s statute of Kilkenny; from Spenser's lament of the degenerate English becoming more Irish than the Irish themselves, down to the Presbyterian United Irishmen, to the Protestants of 1792 urging Catholic emancipation, and to the solidarity of sentiment which, existing to-day even between landlord and tenant sometimes, in spite of all, and between Catholic and Protestant, is felt to be the possible basis now as in the past for a national spirit to flourish, a national self-respect, and a mutual tolerance?—if it be not again and continuously corrupted and hindered, as in the past, and wounded and crushed. All nations manifest a particular and distinctive character, which deserves to be attentively considered. And then again, the history of one nation is as the history of all men.

From what has been said, no word need be looked for here of the expansion of the Irish race, of the interest therein for Irishmen and for the world at large. There is here no echo of Cardinal Newman's word: "I contemplate a people which has had a long night, and will have an inevitable day."

Yet if soulless somewhat, this book tries to be sympathetic; and Irish boys are recommended to read Joyce's "Celtic Romances," and are told that they might know Irish heroes as well as Swiss, English, Scotch, or American. And, as before, quiet, reasonable people may be thankful for so much: they cannot see why virtues at one side of St. George's channel become vices at the other; or why Irish children may not know Irish history; or why the government should enjoin boys in Scotch schools to recite "Breathes

there a man with soul so dead," and order the poem to be struck out of school books in Ireland.

We may say, however, that Miss Lawless' book, if of use, cannot be of use to young people—and for them, it appears, some of the volumes of this series were specially written. Such writing as is found at the beginning of chapter xxxiv. on Strafford, is common; and is uninteresting, and even incomprehensible to one not capable of explaining for himself numerous allusions to political and to constitutional history.

There is, indeed, about the style of the book sometimes a trivial and vulgar tone, as where men are said "to grow a trifle less like two-legged beasts of prey," or where round towers are said to be "remarkably difficult nuts to crack." And perhaps such things are written, in the mistaken notion that they are fit for the young. But they are the sign, we fear, of something worse,—the absence of belief and enthusiasm. Is it inspiring to youth to continue: "This piece of work satisfactorily finished," after you have quoted Spenser on those who "asked for mercy." This, "it was not thought good," he adds, "to show them." They were accordingly slaughtered in cold blood, a few women and priests being hanged. "There was no other way but to make that end of them, as thus was done."

We have said the book is sometimes misleading: cruel things are told of on both sides in 1798, but there is more illustration of cruelty on the side of the Irish. And proportion would not have been disturbed by quoting such words as those General Sir John Moore about the iniquities practiced on the people before the rising, and about the power of justice and mercy to prevent any rising at all. It is not helpful, either, to suggest that the Catholic persecutions of the 18th century were due to the intolerance of James II. for Protestants: and it is untrue to say that up to the 18th century Catholics were quite free in the Irish Parliament; when in an almost purely Catholic country, the Act of Uniformity under Elizabeth was passed, and James I.'s proclamation against tolerance for Catholics was made. Still the book is free from religious party spirit.

PRINCIPLES OF ENGLISH ETYMOLOGY. By the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, Litt. D., etc. First Series. The Native Element. Pp. xxxiv. and 541. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Etymology was formerly little more than a sort of clever guessing, which involved a vivid imagination and some ingenuity in defending its results. It has been well said that the older etymologists "paid hardly any regard to the consonants and to the vowels none at all." But within the last two decades a radical change has taken place; and while we can by no means claim for philology that staid and settled character that belongs to many of her elder sister sciences, yet we have passed far beyond the age of the philosopher's stone into that period of the science in which we may claim that at least the foundation blocks have been firmly laid.

It is to be remembered that little more than a century has elapsed since the Western discovery of Sanskrit and its relationship to the Aryan group of languages, and hence much that was over confident and visionary is to be laid to the first transport of discovery. The very extreme of this transport, however, brought about its own cure; for it impelled a search for all available material, leading to a study of languages and dialects hitherto considered as scientifically unimportant, and compelled a sifting of all the material in hand, a work still steadily progressing. Thus a severe scientific method was introduced into a study formerly regarded as one of the interesting quiddities of the literary dilettant.

It would, perhaps, be too much to hope that we shall live to see an intelligent system of etymology introduced into our earlier education here in America, and, perhaps, the very nature of the subject may forever relegate it to our college curriculum; but be that as it may, we cannot but cordially welcome the appearance of a work which it would not be invidious to say is the first serious attempt to put into the hands of the student of English etymology the latest result of modern philological research in its application to our mother tongue.

The task, simple as it may seem, is one attended with all but insurmountable difficulties. Someone has termed philology "linguistic paleontology," and if we do not lose sight of the fact that it is as well the science of a living and growing organism, the term is far from inapt. As a matter of fact, philology, by its very nature, can never become an exact science, and therein lies the first difficulty. Again, as we have seen, the whole subject, and especially in those parts which most concern the basis of the science, is making over again, and that largely in the hands of the most indefatigable German scholars, who formulate, defend, and overthrow theory after theory with all the polemical skill of the scholastic divines of the middle ages. A man may easily find his pet philological theory grown antiquated over night. These reasons, together with the vast learning which the subject involves, will give some idea of the magnitude of the task. And here let

us call attention to a trait, abundantly shown in this work and as laudable as it is unfortunately rare among philologists,—the frank acknowledgment of former error.

We have before us only the first series of what is promised in a complete exposition of the principles of English etymology; and very properly this deals with the native element of our language, taking into consideration, however, such Latin and Greek words as found their way into Anglo-Saxon, and considering those two perplexing elements, the Scandinavian and the Celtic. For the sake of completeness, our borrowing from Low German or Dutch sources are treated, as well as the few and unimportant words of High German origin. The Teutonic sources are thus completely accounted for, together with such other sources as are not properly included under the term, "Romance."

Among the many able discussions which the work involves, we may mention especially the excellent simplification of the usual statement of Guinnis's Law, "obtained by leaving out of consideration the comparatively unimportant sound shiftings peculiar to the Old High German;" the clearer light in which Dr. Skeat has presented the subjects of vowel gradation and vowel mutation; the interesting account of those changes in English spelling which, together with the natural modifications in our pronunciation, have involved us in that momentous modern question, the Spelling Reform, with all its justice and all its vagary; and finally, the important effects of accent and emphasis upon the sound of a word; of which last, we could only wish that there were more of it.

Dr. Skeat touches upon a point of great interest in the fourth chapter, the derivation of modern literary English from the Mercian through the Midland Dialect. This latter he further divides into the West and the East Midland, partly impairing Chaucer's claim to the formation of a literary standard. The East Midland was distinguished by three leading peculiarities, viz., "(1) that it contained fewer Scandinavian words than the Northern dialect, but more than the Southern; (2) that its grammar was somewhat more complex than that of the Northern dialect, but much less so than that of the Southern; and (3) that it was tolerably intelligible to men of all parts of England." Unfortunately the subject is one of great obscurity, owing to the extreme difficulty of defining the limits of the old Mercian dialect from the slender remains which are almost entirely contained in glosses upon Latin psalters, hymns and texts of the Scriptures. It must be confessed that while the parallel list of Anglo-Saxon, Mercian and English words on page 46 is highly interesting, it may well be doubted if the data attainable are sufficient to establish this position.

In the sixth chapter the not uncommon popular fallacy that English is, by some occult process, derived from German is explained as arising very naturally from the somewhat overweening pride of the German philologists, which is manifest in such compounds as Indo-Germanic; when as a matter of fact modern German is probably the very worst exponent of the linguistic peculiarities of the Teutonic group of languages. However, here we are perhaps overrating German arrogance to excuse English ignorance: the countrymen of Goethe do not call themselves Germans in their own tongue. Dr. Skeat has certainly probed this matter to the bottom and has left us a list of less than twenty-five actual German words in English, and they, nearly all of late borrowing.

Another element that has not escaped his pruning knife is the Celtic. This has long been a dangerous subject by reason of the strong "patriotism" of many Celtic scholars. It is, however, not uninteresting to learn that in this field "owing to recent investigations . . . it has been proved that in the case of some words which were once supposed to have been borrowed from Celtic, the borrowing has been the other way." And farther, "that the Old Celtic element in English is very small and farther research tends rather to diminish than to increase it."

It would be impossible within the limits of a brief review to enter into even a bare mention of the many technical points with which a work of this nature must deal; suffice it to say that the subject has been treated as popularly as is perhaps possible, working from a scientific point of view. Etymology is essentially scientific and with a full recognition of the absurdities of the old etymologists must come a merited oblivion to all the text-books of little Latin and less Greek, purporting to treat of English Etymology. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when we shall cease to hear that, *stand* is derived from the Latin *sto*, *stare*, or even that *paternal* comes directly from the Latin *pater*.

F. E. S.

THE LONG EXILE, AND OTHER STORIES FOR CHILDREN. By Count Lyof N. Tolstoi. Translated from the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole. Pp. vii and 363. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

It is not every one who can write a genuine child's story. In addition to a certain simplicity of mind which leads him to deal

with first principles, and an eye for small details such as a child always takes note of, he must be to some extent a child himself. He at least must never have turned his back upon his own childhood, but must have managed to realize in his own history something of Wordsworth's aspiration:

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man:
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each in natural piety."

Tolstoi is one of those gifted natures which the world has not succeeded in making unchildlike. His whole manner of thinking, the recurrence of deep and simple emotions, which have furnished new starting-points at different stages of his notable career, and the wonderful art of his "Childhood and Youth" alike attest this.

Out of a great number of stories and fables written for children at different stages of his spiritual development, Mr. Dole has taken the principal contents of this volume. The three stories which open the book, and the series of scenes from life in the school he has set up on his estate with which it closes, certainly belong to the last period of his life, when his peculiar type of non-resistant Christianity had taken shape in his own mind. So may the "Scenes from Common Life," the "Stories of my Dogs," the "Fables," and the "Stories from Science." But certainly the account of the bear hunt, and of the conquest of Siberia, reflect the author's earlier rather than his later manner of looking at life.

The gem of the book is the second story, which is equal to anything Tolstoi ever wrote. It is thoroughly Russian in its spirit, and yet a vigorous statement of Tolstoi's latest creed on its strongest side, and in its most attractive form. It recalls what he says in "My Confession" of the beautiful legends, expressive of the highest Christianity, which linger among the Russian people, and are circulated both orally and in chap-books without any sanction of the Church. It reads like a chapter from such a folk-book, this strange tale of the angel who was banished to the earth to learn the three lessons which enabled him to understand why God had sent him on an errand that seemed so cruel. It suggests at once a comparison with the old legend, handed down through centuries of written and oral tradition,—as Dunlop shows in his "History of Fiction,"—and finally reproduced in verse by Thomas Parnell in his "Hermit." Perhaps the story may be not unknown in Russia, and it may have given Tolstoi the hint. If so, he has surpassed the original both in weirdness, in tenderness, and in moral beauty.

Next in interest are the studies which describe how Tolstoi taught the peasants on his estate. These are of necessity condensed; and apart from their interest as personal portraits and narratives of pedagogical experience, they are part of the author's spiritual autobiography, as the readers of "My Confession" already know. They help to explain the process by which the author reached his present standpoint.

Mr. Dole does his work as a translator *con amore*. He, like Mr. Howells, overstates Tolstoi's importance as an artist and a thinker, and is not justified by anything we have seen in speaking of the "bitterness" with which his religious views have been criticised? Does Mr. Dole or does Mr. Howells share those views? Are they ready to act on them?

We notice here and there a slip which indicates need of more careful proof-reading, as in one place *laid* for *lain*. We do not think the stories improved for children who read in the translation by the retention of so many Russian terms.

OUR SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY. By Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The journey here described is a tricycle ride from Calais, by Paris and Lyons, to the Swiss Alps, the Italian continuation of which tour is described in the previously published volume, "Two Pilgrims' Progress." As in that, Mrs. Pennell is the chronicler, and her husband the illustrator, and it would be difficult to suggest a pair more admirably equipped for such collaboration. Mr. Pennell's delightful pictures are well known; his wife is lively, witty, and unaffected. If a more charming volume could be made out of the materials, it would surely be an achievement of the highest genius.

The "Sentimental Journey" suggested is of course that described in the pages of the veritable but we fear much forgotten *raconteur*, Mr. Sterne, and besides the allusion in the title, there are numerous others in the text to that classic of the eighteenth century. In the Cevennes mountains, too,—near the end of the

ride as here described,—they came upon the path of another famous traveler, whose "Adventures with a Donkey" are likely to be read and enjoyed quite as much as the narrative of Mr. Sterne. Chiefly, it may be said, the book is a record of the personal experiences of the two 'cyclers,—how they found a rough south wind blowing in their faces, in Northern France, and how a north wind, beating hard upon their backs, helped them climb the Cevennes at a furious pace. The journey, as Mrs. Pennell more than once avers, was in places far from sentimental, while again it had its days of fine weather, good roads, beautiful scenery, and satisfactory food and shelter. These compensated for the other and different experiences,—when, for instance, they were regarded with disdain as poor travelers by inn-keepers and inn servants, or, as between St. Just and Beaumont, they were soaked to the skin by rain, and had to sit scantily clad by the inn fire, to get dry.

Riding upon a 'cycle is the next thing to walking, for opportunity to see the people and the country you pass through, while it also has the advantage—or disadvantage—of usually securing you more attention, and affording you more varied experiences. All of these, one may be sure, are set down by Mrs. Pennell, and vastly enliven her narrative, while they afford subjects too, for her husband's facile pencil. One is surprised to learn that in Paris Mr. Pennell's velvet knee-breeches,—the modest uniform of the Cyclists' Touring Club,—drew upon him extraordinary and almost embarrassing attention: one would have thought that in the capital of all the world every one would be too cosmopolite to remark even an eccentricity of attire. And it seems, too, that there is much difference in the manners of the French peasants. At some points alone the route incivility was the rule, and as the travelers climbed the eastern mountains, toward the Swiss border, they encountered many specimens of what Mr. Ruskin calls the Alpine-bearish Burgundians. But the places they liked and disliked were in the North as well as the South: at Amiens they found "the best hotel in France," and at Vienne they enjoyed themselves thoroughly; while Lyons they pronounced "the nastiest hole in the world," and they did not get very cordial treatment at Neuchatel.

The book is charmingly made by the publishers,—quite in the style of some of Daudet's and other entertaining volumes,—and a capital map of the route, with many amusing notes, accompanies it.

SARA CREWE; OR, WHAT HAPPENED AT MISS MINCHIN'S. By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York.

Mrs. Burnett's faculty of drawing engaging pictures of child-life has been very fully acknowledged. No writer of our time has a more searching pen in subjects of this order, which, we need hardly say, by no means bind the author's powers. Mrs. Burnett's talents have a wide range, and she is as strong in political and economic questions as in juvenilia. With all that, she possibly comes nearest to the popular heart in her child stories, and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" especially is rapidly taking on the proportions of a standard book. "Sara Crewe" has been somewhat widely spoken of as a "companion piece" to that very striking success, but we are obliged to demur from such a classification, clever as we find this new book to be. It is quite too slight to be compared seriously with "Little Lord Fauntleroy," that gem of high purpose and finished humor. "Sara Crewe" tells the story of a child who was left at a London boarding-school after the death of her mother, and while her father returned to his duties in India. At the time the father was rich, his daughter was well provided for, and at the school she was pampered, if not spoiled. Spoil her they could not, her nature was too noble, and therein is the beauty of the little tale. Her father is ruined and dies; money comes no longer to Miss Minchin, and Sara's position undergoes a heart-breaking change. She is made a drudge, treated so brutally that the wonder is that she does not join the loving parents now reunited. Perhaps she would soon have done so but for the interest shown in her by a gentleman living next door to the school, and whose attention had been drawn to her unvarying gentleness and goodness. To give the particulars of this crisis would be unfair to both author and reader, but we may say that it is wrought with all Mrs. Burnett's force and grace. Equally pathetic and charming, "Sara Crewe" will delight readers of any age.

HOME AGAIN. By George Macdonald. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Dr. George Macdonald does not improve as a story-teller, as he grows older. He never has done anything so good as "Alec Forbes" and "Robert Falconer" in his later years, except, perhaps, "Sir Gibbie." In nearly all his later stories he sinks the artist in the preacher, and finds men base or noble in proportion to the divergence or agreement of their opinions with his. He draws no more Thomas Crannys. And his plots suffer in want of naturalness or credibility, being very commonly architectural

rather than human. The plot of this volume is simple enough; but the character drawing is more feeble and conventional than Dr. Macdonald had led us to expect from him. The young poet, who goes up to London to push his fortune, and the sentimental but heartless butterfly with a title, who nearly wrecks his life, are familiar faces. So is the good girl at home, who will reward him at the end. The two strongly drawn portraits are the poet's farmer father, and the butterfly's English lover, who waits to see the soul come to life in her before he will marry her. The pathos of his attitude is the finest thing in the book. But one such situation is small allowance for our Aberdeensian story-teller for even a short one-volume novel. It is his better work which has taught us to complain.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

Inspector Byrnes and Mr. Julian Hawthorne continue their series of stories founded on the New York police records with "Section 558, or the Fatal Letter." It appears to be a literary handling of the annoyances to which Mr. Jay Gould was subjected some years ago by an anonymous letter writer, who of course turned out to be a black-mailer. The business was narrated very fully in the papers, and we are free to say that we are at a loss to see how Mr. Hawthorne expects to make reputation by any such enterprise as this. It is distinctly below his capabilities and beneath the original imaginative work which experience shows he can produce, and which the public naturally expects from him. (Cassell & Co.)

Rosa Nouchette Carey's novels are noticeable for their easy colloquial style and, better still, for their good moral tone. They are mildly sensational, but the interest is almost wholly of a domestic kind. "Only The Governess," (J. B. Lippincott Co.), is the latest of the series and it is a fair example of the writer's peculiarities. It is a tale of English country life and the purport of it the experienced novel reader can form a pretty shrewd idea of from the mere title. M.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

AT the Enoch Pratt Free Library, Baltimore, only English books have been accessible up to this time. Now, after cataloguing, some 1,400 French and German books are to be thrown open.

"An Introduction to Chemical Science," by R. P. Williams, is announced by Ginn & Co.

Longmans, Green & Co., issue directly a "Treatise on Astronomy," by Richard A. Proctor, in twelve monthly parts, with cuts and plates.

Dr. H. C. McCook's book on insect life, "Tenants of an Old Farm," having been through several editions here, in the hands of Fords, Howard & Hulbert, of New York, has now been brought out in England by Hodder & Stoughton, with an Introduction by Sir John Lubbock, the distinguished entomologist.

M. Renan has undertaken for a French periodical a history of the reigns of David and Solomon, in which the story of the people of Israel will be continued from the point to which the volume just published brings the reader.

Bishop Cox, of western New York, who has just brought out through Messrs. James Pott & Co., a volume of "Christian Ballads," has in preparation by the same publishers, a book with the title "Paschal, and Other Poems."

"The Life of Betterton," by Percy Fitzgerald, whose "Life of Mrs. Abington" is just out in London, (and not very tenderly treated by the critics), will be published by Mr. Reader, London.

Louis Frechette, the Canadian poet, has been commissioned by the Théâtre Français to translate "King Lear" for performance in Paris during the exhibition of 1889.

A book of interest to canoeists and lovers of nature, which will soon be published by A. C. McClurg & Co., will be "Historic Waterways," by Reuben G. Thwaites, Secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. It gives a detailed account of six hundred miles of canoeing down the Rock, Fox, and Wisconsin rivers. To the student of history it will also be interesting, as it describes the water highways that have been in use by white men since the times of Jean Nicolet, who traversed them in 1634, and Joliet and Marquette, in 1673.

The eleventh volume of Rev. Joseph Cook's Monday Lectures—those delivered during the winter of 1887—will shortly be issued from the Riverside press under the title of "Current Religious Perils."

A "Book Hunter's Library" in thirty volumes is in course of preparation by Mr. Prescott-Innes, of Glasgow. He says that he has collected in the course of a busy life some very rare books, some

of which are unknown in name even, to such bibliographers as Loundes, Allibone, or Quaritch," and he proposes to reprint them in large print and elegant style. Ten volumes of the series will be a reprint of Balthasar Bekker's—a Dutch theologian—"History of Magic." The first part only has hitherto been published in England, and that event took place so far back as the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Mr. William D. Howells writes thus to Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole: "You would be surprised at the interest in Tolstoi—something deeper and more practical than I have found at the East. You meet men who are actually desirous of modifying their lives by his teachings."

The late General Emory Upton left in manuscript a work on "The Military Policy of the United States," and a resolution has been introduced in Congress for its purchase and publication by the government.

A volume of poems by the late Principal Shairp, of St. Andrews and Oxford, edited by F. L. Palgrave, will be shortly published by Macmillan.

"Famous American Statesmen," by Mrs. S. K. Bolton, and "A Life of Lafayette," by Mrs. Lydia H. Farmer, are in the press of T. Y. Crowell & Co.

The Astor Library during 1887 acquired 1,096 books by purchase and 1,379 by gift.

Two Authors' Readings—one in the afternoon, the other in the evening—are to be given in the Congregational Church, Washington, one on Saturday, March 17, the other on Monday, the 19th. Mr. A. M. Palmer is to have the management of the affair and the proceeds will be added to the treasury of the American Copyright League. It is expected that a strong impetus will be given by these readings to the movement for International Copyright.

Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co. have secured "Sidney Luska" to write "The Story of Connecticut" for their "Story of the States" series.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will publish at once a volume of letters of the late General ("Chinese") Gordon, edited by his sister.

Mr. Thorold Rogers has just completed a series of twenty-three lectures at Oxford, and they are to be printed under the title, "The Economical Interpretation of History."

The "Library of Philosophy," about to be published by Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., London, will be arranged under three heads, comprising respectively works dealing with "Schools of Philosophers," the "History of Thought in Particular Departments," and the "Subject Matter of Philosophy" treated from an original point of view. The first series will, it is hoped, ultimately cover the entire "History of Thought in the Fields of Metaphysics and Ethics." At present it is proposed to deal more particularly with "Modern Philosophy."

The projected London edition of Mr. Browning's works will have various illustrations, one at least to each of the sixteen volumes. It will include portraits of the poet taken at various periods of his life, one dating from the time when "Paracelsus" was written. The likeness lately painted by Mr. Barrett Browning was also to have been reproduced, but at present the process has not succeeded. The "Ring and the Book" will have an interesting fac simile of the title-page of the original record of the Franceschini case as Mr. Browning bought it in Florence. Altogether the edition promises to be very attractive.

The New York Shakespeare Society will issue on the 25th of March, the first volume of the "Bankside Shakespeare," claimed to be an edition on an entirely novel plan. It will give in parallel columns the earliest version of each play, and the 1623 or famous "first folio" text, both texts numbered line by line. It is alleged that this edition "entirely disposes of the Donnelly cipher," since it shows at a glance the augmentations and curtailment which the text underwent in its early stage-life, making it apparent that in neither text could a cipher be found by mathematical process, even if one had been originally concealed in it. The edition will consist of 20 volumes, to be sold at \$2.50 each, if disposed of separately, or for \$40 for the set. Trübner & Co., are the London publishers, and Mr. L. L. Lawrence, clerk of the publication committee of the N. Y. Shakespeare Society, Newtown, Queen's Co., N. Y., has charge of the business on this side.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

A SECOND edition of the "Washington Number" of the *Magazine of American History* has been called for.

Irving M. Scott, who secured for the Pacific coast the contracts for building the iron cruisers "Charleston" and "San Francisco," contributes an article to the *Overland Monthly* for March,

describing the difficulties encountered in raising the sunken British four-master, "Earl of Dalhousie," from the bottom of San Francisco Bay, in 1885.

With its March number the *Catholic World* completes its 46th volume.

Ulysses S. Grant is reported to have bought an interest in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

Mr. Edwin A. Abbey is about to commence a series of designs illustrating the scenery of Shakespeare's comedies. These designs it is proposed first to publish in *Harper's Magazine*, with text by Mr. Andrew Lang, and ultimately to incorporate in a complete illustrated edition of the comedies by the same artist.

The Duke of Argyll is writing a series of popular articles for *Good Words* on "Darwinism as a Philosophy," with special reference to religion.

David F. Ritchie has become editor of *The Saratogian*, in place of Dr. T. H. Worman, who has assumed the management of *Outing*.

The American Folk Lore Society have made arrangements with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for the publication of their *Journal*, beginning with the April number.

The appearance of bits of original verse by Walt Whitman in the "Personal Intelligence" column of the N. Y. *Herald*, which has been puzzling people of late, is said to be the result of an arrangement made by Mr. Bennett during his last visit to America, for the purpose of relieving the Camden veteran's needs. The verses are reported to be paid for at figures liberal even for Mr. Bennett.

H. Rider Haggard has written a "Suggested Prologue" to his romance of "She," and it appears in the current number of *Harper's Weekly*. The scene is the ruined Temple of Truth and the action takes place 2,000 years before the date of the story.

Prof. Francis L. Patton, the newly-elected President of Princeton College, is one of the active and responsible editors of *The Presbyterian Review*. The selection of all the articles for the *Review* is made by Dr. Patton, together with Dr. Briggs of the Union Theological Seminary, and every number contains some contribution from his pen.

ART NOTES.

THE Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art announces a course of six illustrated lectures on artistic subjects. They will be given at the Academy of the Fine Arts at 8 o'clock in the evening, on Thursdays during March, and the first Thursday in April. Mr. Wm. H. Goodyear treats of "Greek Architecture," "Greek Ornament," and "The Lotus Form." Doctor Wm. W. Keen lectures on "The Anatomy of Expression as Applied to Art." Mr. Dalton Dorr gives an account of the Bayeux Tapestry.

Apropos, the Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art has become possessed of the Kensington copy of the Bayeux Tapestry, which copy will doubtless be shown in connection with Mr. Dorr's lecture. It is an exact reproduction of the original in material, design, color, and size. Thread for thread, and stitch for stitch, it is a perfect fac simile as nearly as art can make it, and for educational and illustrational uses, it has all the value of the original.

The Art Association of the Union League held its annual meeting this week for the consideration of the annual report and the election of officers. Mr. T. P. Chandler was chosen President, Mr. J. S. Patterson, Treasurer, and Mr. C. K. Barnes, Secretary. Messrs J. R. Claghorn, E. N. Carpenter, R. D. Benson, J. C. Fuller, and J. H. Converse were made advisory committee. The association is supposed to occupy a similar relation toward the League that the Fairmount Park Art Association sustains toward the Park. In this position it could do an immense amount of good, forwarding the best interests of art in Philadelphia, by the judicious placing of liberal commissions with our local painters and sculptors, and, at the same time securing for the League works of the highest order and of permanent value, to be a possession to the city for generations to come. In Europe the office undertaken by this association is filled by the governments and by the aristocratic classes. In this country it is the private citizens, either singly or united in art associations, that must foster the fine arts and promote the production of good work. The formation of this association is therefore a step in the right direction. The body does not appear to have accomplished much so far, however. The purchase of a couple of foreign bronze decorative pieces seems to be the most that was done last year, according to the annual report.

The Fairmount Park Art Association is undertaking to raise a fund for a Beethoven memorial statue to be placed in the park. It is understood that the character of the memorial will depend something on the amount of money obtained, and it is hoped the lovers of music in the city and vicinity will contribute liberally, that the

association may be enabled to project a commission worthy of the great artist, and to place it in the hands of a great sculptor.

The various musical societies of the city have just given a grand Beethoven concert in aid of this undertaking, the musicians giving their services gratuitously in order that all the receipts might be devoted to the fund.

Under the will of Dr. Robert Nebinger, recently deceased, the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art receives the pictures collected by the testator during his life. The only conditions presented are, that the pictures shall be kept together and exhibited as the Nebinger collection.

The 63d Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design will be opened on Monday, April 2d, and will close on Saturday, May 12th. Varnishing days will be Thursday and Friday, March 29th and 30th. The Clarke and the Hallgarten prizes will be open as heretofore. The Dodge prize offers \$300 for the best picture painted in this country by a woman, without limitation as to age or nationality.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- ORESTES; A DRAMATIC SKETCH, AND OTHER POEMS. By Harry Lyman Kooftman. Pp. 192. \$1.00. Buffalo, N. Y.: Moulton, Wenborne & Co. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- SARA CREWE; OR, WHAT HAPPENED AT MISS MINCHIN'S. Pp. 83. \$1.00. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- THE UNITED STATES OF YESTERDAY, AND OF TO-MORROW. By William Barrows, D. D. Pp. 432. \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
- THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT; OR, THE CONFLICT BETWEEN MAN AND ALCOHOL. By Henry William Blair, U. S. Senator from New Hampshire. Pp. 583. 8vo. [By Subscription only.] Boston: William E. Smythe Company. (Philadelphia: E. R. Baxter & Co., 1015 Arch St.)
- SECTION 558, OR THE FATAL LETTER. From the Diary of Inspector Byrnes. By Julian Hawthorne. Pp. 246. \$1.00. New York: Cassell & Co.
- HARVARD REMINISCENCES. By Andrew P. Peabody, D. D., LL.D. Pp. 216. \$—. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
- REINCARNATION. A Study of Forgotten Truths. By E. D. Walker. Pp. 350. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- OUR SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY. By Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Pp. 268. \$1.75. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
- ONLY THE GOVERNESS. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. Pp. 400. Paper. \$0.25. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
- A DICTIONARY of the Targumim, the Talmud Babli and Yerushalmi and the Midrashic Literature. Compiled by M. Jastrow, Ph. D. Parts I., II. Pp. 192. London: Trübner & Co. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- BRITONS AND MUSCOVITES, OR TRAITS OF TWO EMPIRES. By Curtis Guild. Pp. 230. \$2.00. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
- CATALOGUE OF THE PEDAGOGICAL LIBRARY, and the Books of Reference, in the Office of the Superintendent of Public Schools, [Philadelphia]. By James MacAlister, Superintendent. Pp. 184. Philadelphia: Printed by Burk & McFetridge. 1887.
- POEMS BY IRWIN RUSSELL. Pp. 110. \$1.00. New York: The Century Company.

MR. HARDY ON FICTION.¹

IT must always be borne in mind, despite the claims of realism, that the best fiction, like the highest artistic expression in other modes, is more true, so to put it, than history or nature can be. In history occur from time to time monstrosities of human action and character explicable by no known law which appertains to sane beings; hitches in the machinery of existence, wherein we have not yet discovered a principle, which the artist is therefore bound to regard as accidents, hinderances to clearness of presentation, and, hence, weakeners of the effect. To take an example from sculpture: no real gladiator ever died in such perfect harmony with normal nature as is represented in the well-known Capitoline marble. There was always a jar somewhere, a jot or tittle of something foreign in the real death-scene, which did not essentially appertain to the situation, and tended toward neutralizing its pathos; but this the sculptor omitted, and so consecrated his theme. In drama likewise. Observe the characters of any sterling play. No dozen persons who were capable of being animated by the profound reasons and truths thrown broadcast over "Hamlet" or "Othello," of feeling the pulse of life so accurately, ever met together in one place in this world to shape an end. And, to come to fiction, nobody ever met an Uncle Toby who was Uncle Toby all round; no historian's Queen Elizabeth was ever so perfectly a woman as the fictitious Elizabeth of "Kenilworth." What is called the idealization of characters is, in truth, the making of them too real to be possible.

It may seem something of a paradox to assert that the novels which most conduce to moral profit are likely to be among those written without a moral purpose. But the truth of the statement may be realized if we consider that the didactic novel is so generally devoid of *vraisemblance* as to teach nothing but the impossibility of tampering with natural truth to advance dogmatic opinions. Those, on the other hand, which impress the reader with the inevitableness of character and environment in working out destiny, whether that destiny be just or unjust, enviable or cruel, must have a sound effect, if not what is called a good effect, upon a healthy mind.

Of the effects of such sincere presentation on weak minds, when the courses of the characters are not exemplary, and the rewards and punishments ill adjusted to deserts, it is not our duty to consider too closely. A

¹From an article by Thomas Hardy, in *The Forum* for March.

novel which does moral injury to a dozen imbeciles, and has bracing results upon a thousand intellects of normal vigor, can justify its existence; and probably a novel was never written by the purest-minded author for which there could not be found some moral invalid or other whom it was capable of harming.

To distinguish truths which are temporary from truths which are eternal, the accidental from the essential, accuracies as to custom and ceremony from accuracies as to the perennial procedure of humanity, is of vital importance in our attempts to read for something more than amusement. There are certain novels, both among the works of living and the works of deceased writers, which give convincing proof of much exceptional fidelity, and yet they do not rank as great productions; for what they are faithful in is life garniture and not life. You are fully persuaded that the personages are clothed precisely as you see them clothed in the street, in the drawing-room, at the assembly. Even the trifling accidents of their costume are rendered by the honest narrator. They use the phrases of the season, present or past, with absolute accuracy as to idiom, expetive, slang. They lift their tea cups, or fan themselves to date. But what of it, after our first sense of its photographic curiousness is past? In aiming at the trivial and the ephemeral they have almost surely missed better things. A living French critic goes even further concerning the novelists of social minutiae. "They are far removed," says he, "from the great imaginations which create and transform. They renounce free invention; they narrow themselves to scrupulous exactness; they paint clothes and places with endless detail."

The distinguishing feature of a well-rounded tale has been defined in various ways, but the general reader need not be burdened with many definitions. Briefly, a story should be an organism. To use the words applied to the epic by Addison, whose artistic feeling in this kind was of the subtlest, "nothing should go before, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it." Tested by such considerations as these there are obviously many volumes of fiction remarkable, and even great, in their character-drawing, their feeling, their philosophy, which are quite second-rate in their structural quality as narrative. Instances will occur to every one's mind; but instead of dwelling upon these it is more interesting to name some which most nearly fulfill the conditions. Their fewness is remarkable, and bears out the opinion expressed earlier in this essay, that the art of novel writing is as yet in its tentative stage only. Among them "Tom Jones" is usually pointed out as a near approach to perfection in this as in some other characteristics; though, speaking for myself, I do not perceive its great superiority in artistic form over some other novels of lower reputation. The "Bride of Lammermoor" is an almost perfect specimen of form, which is the more remarkable in that Scott, as a rule, depends more upon episode, dialogue, and description, for exciting interest, than upon the well-knit interdependence of parts. And the first thirty chapters of "Vanity Fair" may be instanced as well-nigh complete in artistic presentation, along with their other magnificent qualities.

Herein lies Richardson's real if only claim to be placed on a level with Fielding: the artist spirit that he everywhere displays in the structural parts of his work and in the interaction of the personages, notably those of "Clarissa Harlowe." However cold, even artificial, we may, at times, deem the heroine and her companions in the pages of that excellent tale, however numerous the twitches of unreality in their movements across the scene beside those in the figures animated by Fielding, we feel, nevertheless, that we are under the guidance of a hand which has consummate skill in evolving a graceful, well-balanced set of conjectures, forming altogether one of those circumstantial wholes which, when approached by events in real life, cause the observer to pause and reflect, and say, "What a striking history!" We should look generously upon his deficiency in the robust touches of nature, for it is the deficiency of an author whose artistic sense of form was developed at the expense of his accuracy of observation as regards substance. No person who has a due perception of the constructive art shown in Greek tragic drama can be blind to the constructive art of Richardson.

THE DECAY OF THE BOOK TRADE.¹

THE general character of the cheap stuff poured on the market under piracy every intelligent reader knows. It includes the good things in light literature, but it also includes more bad things than were ever reprinted before. Under "trade courtesy," books were always published for some reason in themselves. Now many are taken up only to keep the paper mills going, and to keep the series going. The numbers are published at regular intervals, as periodicals, and that they may have the cheap postage allowed periodicals, and that they may secure habitual buyers. To do this they must appear regularly, and if not enough attractive books appear to keep a series going, it must be filled in with what can be had. It is better to incur an occasional loss through an unsalable book, than fail to appear at the regular time, and so incur the loss of postal privileges and disappointment of customers with interruption of their buying habits. Moreover, as each book in a series is advertised in all the rest, many will "go" in a series, that could never go alone. For these reasons the country is flooded, not only with trash that never would have been reprinted under any other circumstances, and that its author had to hire hack publishers abroad to issue, but with previously forgotten books that do nothing to promote the proper intellectual activities of to-day. The mill must be kept grinding, no matter what goes into the hopper.

But the increased reading of poor novels in place of good ones is by no means the only or the most important damage done by the flood of pirated reprints. People in general no longer read much of anything that cannot be had in these cheap editions; in other words, much of history, travels, *belles-lettres* or science. A publisher now expects to place only about a third of the number of a new substantial book, native or foreign, that he could twelve years ago, so the publishing of such books is largely abandoned.

Such books could then be successfully published largely, in virtue of a habit among some people of buying more books than they could read, either

¹Henry Holt in the *March Forum*.

n the hope of reading them eventually, or for a certain satisfaction in having them. That habit was very valuable; it not only tempted to good reading, but it was a sort of subvention free from any of the objections to subvention, which made possible the publication of many valuable books that could not be published without it. That habit is killed. In the face of a novel by George Eliot for twenty cents, people who do not count their pennies before worse expenditures, count them before paying a dollar or two for a book by anybody else. It would be of no use to publish many such books cheaply. The public for most of them never could be wide enough for that, as the pirates have demonstrated by trying a few and then letting them, as a rule, severely alone.

Not only is the publication of the more "solid" books thus restricted, but the lighter reprinted literature is crowded into detrimental forms. While most people are reading vastly more novels than before, to the exclusion of weightier matter, oddly enough, people who habitually do any serious work with books are probably reading fewer novels than before, and probably not as many as would be good for them. The opposition has forced too many of the good ones into type unfit for hard-worked eyes, and it should be noted, for young ones too.

The golden age of the American book trade was the time of "trade courtesy." Contrast the state of our literature now with what it was then. During that time we had something of Cooper and Irving and Poe, virtually all of Hawthorne, Longfellow, Bryant, Bayard Taylor, Prescott, and Motley, and the most that we have had from Bancroft, Holmes, and Mrs. Stowe. During that time, too, came, not to attempt to mention all worth mentioning, Parkman, Lowell, Stedman, Howells, James, Clemens, Cable, and Warner. Since they rose there has been time enough to see who are rising. There is some coming genius to be grateful for, but let the reader himself judge whether our literature has any such prospects under piracy as it had under even an imperfect substitute for justice.

The overwhelming competition of foreign stolen goods which our laws encourage is not only a cruelty to our authors, but is embarrassing their production by driving them into hack work, and is a deterrent, happily not always an effective one, to young persons of talent from entering that profession. When they do embrace it, their chances of attention are materially obstructed. Twelve years ago any author whom a standard publishing house would vouch for could be tested without any such risk as must now be incurred. Of late, some good houses have even got into the habit of returning unopened all manuscripts by unknown authors.

DRIFT.

IN the *Forum*, for March, Professor John Stuart Blackie, of Edinburgh, discusses "Scotland To-day," and laments the decline of the Scotch national character. He says:

"I am sorry to state my conviction, founded on pretty large intercourse with my countrymen, that the spirit of national self-esteem, for which they have been noted, is suffering under a sensible decline. The causes of this lamentable process of self-obliteration are easy to name. The powerful central attraction of the huge metropolis to which by the Union we are attached; the Anglicanization of our nobility and upper ten thousand by the pomp of London residence and the glittering seductions of London life; the spread of Episcopacy among the same classes, not so much always from religious conviction as from the double bribe which it offers of aristocratic connection and æsthetical luxury; and, more than all, the neglect of her middle schools by Scotland, which has caused the upper classes to send their hopeful progeny to Harrow and Oxford, where, if the education is not more solid, it has both a greater reputation and a higher reward; all these causes combine to gnaw at the roots of a truly national culture in Scotland, and to render the production of men of a distinctly Scottish type such as Walter Scott, Lord Cockburn, and Dr. Guthrie, more and more difficult every day. To all this must be added the complete neglect of all patriotic traditions and national furnishing in the principal schools and universities. In the University of Edinburgh not a single professor of history exists; in the best schools, as in the fashionable saloons, it is rare to hear a good Scotch song sung; the rich store of wit and wisdom contained in the melodious stores of the Scottish people, and ennobled by the names of Burns, and Scott, and Tannahill, and Bannatine, and such noble ladies as Mrs. Cockburn of Fairnilee, Joanna Baillie, and the Baroness Nairne, are flung aside in favor of the latest London, French, or German novelty, which may tickle the itching ear, strain the ambitious throat, and coddle the sickly sentiment of the singer; but which are utterly destitute of power to warm the blood, brace the nerve, and form the character of a patriotic Scotchman. So much easier is it to juggle a people out of its proudest heritage by the enervating seductions of a pseudo-civilization than to spoil them of it by the rude arts of conquest and oppression; and thus it may come about in another generation or two that the Union of 1707 shall have achieved what the embattled ranks of the Plantagenets at Stirling and Bannockburn tried in vain—the absorption of little Scotland into big England, as Samnium was swallowed up by Rome."

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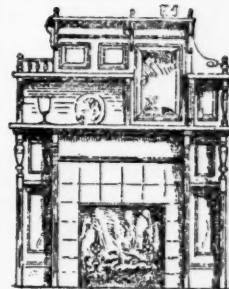
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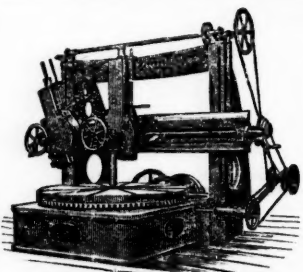
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